The Motto thus: *Sic spectanda fides.*

The sixt Knight.

King. And what's the sixt and last, the which the Knight himselfe with such a graceful courtesie deliuered?

Thai. He seemes to bee a stranger: but his Present is
A withered Branch, that's only greene at top;
The Motto, *In hac spe vino.*

King. A pretty morrall; from the deiected state where in he is, he hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1. *Lord.* He had need meane better then his outward shew can any way speake in his iust commend: For by his rustie out-side, hee appeares to haue practised more the Whipstocke, then the Lance.

1609. 2. *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes to an honord triumph strangely furnished.

3. *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust
Vntill this day, to scowre it in the dust.

King. Opinion's but a foole, that makes vs scan
The out ward habite, by the inward man.
But stay, the Knights are comming,
We will with-draw into the Gallery.

Great shoutes, and all cry. The meaue Knight.

Enter the King and Knights from tilting.

King. Knights, to say you'r welcome were superfluous.
I place vpon the volume of your deedes. 1609. 1619.
As in a Title page, your worth in armes; 1609.
Were more then you expect, or more then's fit,
Since euery worth in shew commends it selfe:
becomes 1609. Prepare for mirth, for mirth comes at a feast.
You are princes and my guests, 1609. 1619.

Thai. But you my Knight and guest,
To whom this wreathe of victory I giue,
And Crowne you King of this dayes happinesse.

Per: Tis more by fortune (Lady) then by merit. my 1609.

King. Call it by what you will, the day is yours,
And heere, I hope, is none that enuies it:

In framing an Artist, Art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed,
And you her laboured scholler: come Queene of th'feast,
For (daughter so you are, here take your place: 1609. 1619. their 1609. 1619.
Martiall the rest, as they deserue his grace.

Knights. Wee are honoured much by good *Simonides.*

King. Your, present glads our dayes, honour we loue, Your Presence 1609. 1619.
For who hates honour hates the God aboue. 1609. 1619.

Marsh. Sir yonder is your place:

Per. Some other is more fit.

1. *Knight.* Contend not sir for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes
Enuy the great, or doe the low despise. nor 1609. 1619.
You are right curteous Knights. Per. 1609.

King. Sir, sit, sit,
By *Ioue* (I wonder) that is King of thoughts,
These Cates resist me, he not thought vpon.

Thai. By *Iuno* (that is Queene of Mariage)
All Viands that I eate do seeme vnsauory,
Wishing him my meat: sure hee's a gallant gentleman.

King. Hee's but a country gentleman, has done no more
Then other Knights haue done, has broke a staffe,
Or so; let it passe. so 1609.

Thai. To me he seemed a Diomond to glasse. he seems like 1609.

Per. You King'sto me, like to my fathers picture, yon
Which tels me in that glory once he was,
And Princes sat like stars about his Throne,
And he the Sun, for them to reuerence;
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,
Did vaile their Crownes to his supremacy;
Where now his sonne like a Glo-worme in the night,
The which hath fire in darknesse, none in light:
Whereby I see that time's the King of men,
For hee's their parents and he is their graue, Parent, 1609.
And giues them what he will not what they craue.

1609. 1619. *King.* what are you merry, Knights? 1609. 1619.

1609. *Knights.* Who can be other in this royall presence?